

ND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

ONE PENNY.

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The convulsions for poaching during the past year, and the dust-staking of the river were next alluded to, and the report thus proceeds—
“The universal misanthropy of the members of the society has succeeded in landing a considerable quantity of the best of good size and condition, and there is every reason to hope, that the profits of the season will be large. The number of fish having already been captured, and, as they must now rapidly increase in number, the following list of the most valuable articles of the season is written down by your committee receive every quarter from the bailiffs for the use of the members of the society, and amongst those anglers who it is to be regretted are deriving the benefit of the exertions of this society without contributing to the support of the same, and who, in consequence of the position of the society is still of an encouraging character, but from the special

donations, which you have given last year towards the increased expenses which your committee had necessarily to incur in improving the fishery, and in carrying out the object of the donors, the receipts for the year just past is not large, and the balance of the year is not so good as it might have been. We are sorry that the number of annually dining together, and they hope on that occasion, in June next, to meet a goodly muster of their members and friends, will not give evidence that the cause is so generally appreciated. We are, however, advocates of a more fairly given the national characteristics of English life, and appreciate the legitimate exercise of those feelings of friendship which unite men together in upholding all those glorious institutions which are the basis of our civilisation. We are sure that the committee would reward their claims upon the angling public for support, and when the importance and value of their work is taken into consideration, they feel that those who propagate and protect fish life; stocking the water with trout and grayling in a spawning condition; the attempt to introduce salmon again into the Thames; the improvement of the river for the benefit of the salmon and trout; the success of anglers that your committee cannot but hope that every true Waltonian "will deem it his duty to give them that support which, coming from the angling public, would be of great value."

THE *New York Clipper* of May the 10th has the following in connection with our Champion-ship:

"John C. Heenan, having returned from Paris to London on the 15th ult., at once completed his preparations for joining Howes and Cushing's

Circus, and was announced to make his first appearance with that concern on the 17th of April, at the Theatre Royal, Bath. He was to fight the provincial towns of Great Britain. He was to meet the Boy's intention to enter into a pugilistic match, but at the close of the circus season, our champion was met by a more powerful antagonist, the champion with a meeting, should Macé feel disposed that way. It is also said that he will fight Macé without regard to belt, or no belt, and that the latter stands there according to the suggestion of the *Gladiator* a few weeks since. This is well. We should certainly prefer to have the champion fight Macé, and not to have Macé be the cause of a termination to a match similar to that which attended the fight at Farnborough. The English pugilists are not in England, and that Hesman does not mean to enter the pugilistic arena at present, yet his movements are closely watched, and the opinion is general that he will be the champion of the country, and that he will be the champion of the British arena of England.

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Wilkes's *New York Spirit of the Times* (date May 2d, 1862,) observes:—"It seems that the three great pugilists are now engaged in rancorous, and vicious, and no doubt, likely to be made more so, by the power, nearly certain that a grand contest will take place in the course of the year, and whenever a match is really on the tapis, our readers will receive the first intimation of all the circumstances. An impudent and feeble sheet, which assumed to be in Heenan's confidence, and who he was in England before he was employed here, and who has been at foolish outgivings, is again assuming to speak before the public, as if empowered to speak in his behalf. It is an unwarrantable assumption. His intentions and hopes have been and will be confided solely to us, and through us the public will first learn when the great game is



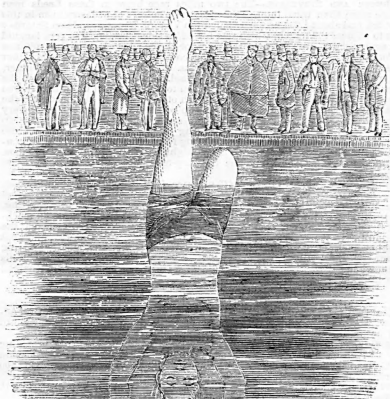
Height, 5ft. 6in.; weight, 8st. 2lb. Born at Lambeth, May 13, 1830.

Beat Dawkins, 3 mils, £20, Nov 11, 1850, the Old Cop.
 Beat Byrom, 2 mils, £50, April 11, 1852, the Old Cop.
 Beat R. Conway, 4 mils, £40, May 2, 1853, Barling.
 Beat R. Conway, 4 mils, £20, Sept 1853, Barling.
 Beat R. Jackson, 5 mils, £100, August 9, 1853, Windsor.
 Beat C. Cooke, 10 mils, £100, Jan 1, 1854, Windsor.
 Beat R. Jackson, 5 mils, £20, April 13, 1854, Windsor.
 Beat W. Jackson, 10 mils, £50 and belt, Mar 18, 1854, Halifax
 Won Handicap, 5 mils, £20 and belt, Nov 16, 1854, Sheffield.
 Beat Margaret, 700 yds, £20, April 1856, Sheffield.
 Beat Wallace, 1 mile, £50, Feb 10, 1856, Wandsworth.
 Beat 11 miles 2¼m, under the hour, £100, Nov 5, 1856, Oxford.
 Beat W. Jackson, 10 mils, £50, Nov 17, 1856, Wandsworth.
 Beat R. Jackson, 10 mils, £50, Nov 17, 1856, Wandsworth.
 Beat Levet, 10 mils, £200, June 15, 1857, Wandsworth.
 Beat J. Trainer, 2 mils, £100, Nov 16, 1857, Wandsworth.
 Beat Cooke, 10 mils, £50, Sept 1857, Wandsworth.
 Beat C. Cooke, 10 mils, £50, Sept 1857, Wandsworth.
 Beat White, 6 mils, £20 and belt, Feb 28, 1861, Hackney.
 Beat Brighton, 3 mils, £50, May 6, 1861, Hackney.

(From a Photograph by George Newbold, Strand.)

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T. Ashron, the Morpeth pedestrian, will give James Dixon, *alias* Hissey, yds in 100 yds for £5; left open for £10.



MR. W. WOODBRIDGE, THE ONE-LEGGED SWIMMER.

SWIMMING.

Locke, one of the most serious authors upon the understanding we ever had, wisely foreshadowed that advanced years of civilisation in which we are blessed to live, when he seriously remarked that swimming ought to form part of every boy's education. A more useful, health-inspiring, manly art, or even graceful accomplishment in its way, cannot be discarded upon as one of the safeguards to our lives, which we are bound by an all-wise Providence to devote to purposes of good; and the blue-jackets, who are identical with the wooden walls of Old England, or her more modernized iron-clad vessels to boot, would not feel one half so much security in every clime where they have floated, as the dog that braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze, if they had not been duly initiated into the expedient art of natation before they had tasted salt water, and "left their country for their country's good." As to its being a health-inspiring pastime, who would venture to gainsay it? Who would be without his constant daily ablution and bath? There is much meaning in the old remark, that cleanliness is a virtue; and the origin of public baths in this island, although only instituted but in comparatively recent years, was only closely following out the learned precepts of the Greeks and Romans, and the Wise Men of the East likewise. Never indeed did Hindu enthusiasts years for the sacred waters of the Ganges, or leper-hoping trust in the healing stream of Jordan, than the age spring up to gird the vigorous loins of lusty manhood gladly re-echo the warning that they must to their bath, and its necessary accompaniment—swimming. To pursue every provision of our theme, is it not a manly art? It is not until late years that this subject, which is of really vital importance, has excited the most serious attention from the brightest and best in our land downwards. The youthful members of the Royal Family have been made acquainted with its practical utility, and to what end also accomplishment may be attained in the art of swimming? *Robinson* of the chief continental cities follow suit; and we see the fair *baggages* of England revelling, as is her wont every revolving summer, as the fatal chariot is advancing surely towards unrecorded time, in the invigorating current of our extended streams, and at the highly picturesque coasts of our sea-girt isle—fitting type of future motherhood, and fitting mate of healthy progenitors of a social race unequalled in the four quarters of the globe. Who, forsooth, can asseverate such arts, such acts of natation do not worthily become an age intended to arrest degeneracy and decadence of physical acquirement? Who, indeed? From the romantic days when *Leander* crossed the Hellespont, to visit the beautiful *Hero*, who, as a test at the shrine of love sent affection. The Lord of Newcastle himself, dived with emulative enthusiasm, swam from the European shore at the point which just out into the Hellespont, near the town of Sestos. On another occasion he swam across the Tigris, an exceedingly rapid river, the passage of which took him three hours to perform. In company with two other excellent swimmers, the Chevalier *Mingado* and Mr. *Alexander Scott*, his lordship swam from the island of Lido to Venice. At the entrance of the Grand Canal the chevalier was lost sight of. *Scott* swam on past the Rialto, where he got out, less from fatigue than chill. Lord *Byron* continued his course to Santa Chiara, comprising the whole of the Grand Canal (besides the distance from the Lido), and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Facino. He was in the water without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, four hours and twenty minutes. *Mellicious* tales have been told of the swimming of the South Sea Islanders, but, perhaps, the longest distance was that performed on the 6th of October, 1855, by *Brook*, of Yarmouth, commonly called there "Brook the

swimmer." Late in the evening of that day the boat to which he belonged was capsized in a gale, and he was actually for seven hours and a-half, on an October night, swimming before he found himself safe on board the brig *Deity*, of Sunderland. A detailed account of this remarkable escape will be found in the *Sporting Magazine* for July, 1859. At Malta there are, perhaps, more swimmers than in any other country; for there is scarcely a man, woman, or child there who is not a good swimmer, and bathing is practised to a very great extent, and is considered one of the domestic duties of the inhabitants. New Zealand is likewise swarmed with votaries of both sexes to the health-giving pursuit. Every one will recollect the *cozy* of the *Iled Men*, in April, 1844, to the Helborn Baths, where *Flying Gull* and *Tobacco* swam their last, in less than half a minute, despite their totally un-European style of swimming. In the Normal Swimming School of Denmark, rather better than twenty years back, there were no less than one hundred masters destined to teach that art throughout the kingdom. In France, Vienna, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Bern, Amsterdam, &c., similar means were adopted, and very few persons are entirely destitute of a knowledge of the art. A Brahmin swimmer contended at the same baths in May, 1845, but was beat by Messrs. W. Turner and J. Styles, in the same easy way Mr. Kenworthy displaced of *Flying Gull*, mentioned above. Various clubs have been started in London and several leading provincial towns, which we shall more particularly note, if time and the tide serves, at another opportunity. Our attention must be paid, and right willingly too, to the celebrated Beckwith swimming family, whose portraits we now give. Our opinion of the talented master and his wondrously-clever children has been before given, and we cannot do better than endorse the verdict by an extract worthy of Christopher Wilson himself, from *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*, of December 7, 1860, entitled, "Mellicious at the Bath."—

"But here, look, is the champion swimmer (Beckwith), who is worth all the divers in the world."

"The gentleman in question was just being received with raptures by the company; a rather undressed and slightly built man of about eight-and-thirty, but with a well developed and powerful chest."

"And where are his 'talented family'?" inquired Mellicious anxiously.

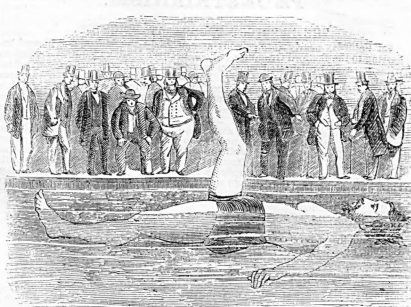
"They're a-comin' in in good time," wheezed the fat man; "but this is the real treat. Talk about diving! This un has swum the river where the barges are, dipping under every one, and being keel-hauled like by the tide beneath each, and he thought nothing of it. I remember him, when he was training for the championship, swimming from Putney to Mortlake at night-time, all in the dark, so as nobody but them as went with him should know how quick he did it. That ere Deerfoot as there is so much talk about, the Injun—and for my part I doubt whether he is an Injun at all; I don't believe he'd keep his colour in the water; he'd come out white—fancy him a-challenging that ere man to swim! Hark, he's a-talking about him now. You listen."

"The champion was explaining, before commencing his entertainment, that he had been challenged by Deerfoot, but that noble savage had subsequently thought better of it. 'I am ready to swim any man in the world,' said he, 'from one mile to five miles in any water, and for not less than a hundred pounds.'—Splash."

"This man really was a wonderful swimmer. He floated, he dived, he trod water; he swam like a fish, like a duck, like a dog—that is, he paddled, after



MR. W. WALKER, THE CELEBRATED SWIMMER, OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. (From a Photograph.)



MR. BECKWITH.

the manner used by his would-have-been opponent, the Indian; he swam with one arm in air, with one leg in air, and with both arms in air. If he had had the misfortune to have lived in good old times, and been mistaken for a witch, and cast into the water bound hand and foot," observed Mellicious, "that man would have swum then, and triumphantly refuted his calumniators."

"We were neither of us, however, at all prepared to see this very thing done which happened next. After the rest of his exploits were finished they tied the champion's feet together, as likewise his hands, and pushed him (since he could not jump off the diving-board; and, even humped thus, he made his way to the other end of the bath at a very fair speed. After this ('the Public' having been previously requested to attire itself) was introduced his 'talented family.' This consisted of No. 1, a young lady aged seven, in a tight-fitting red silk dress, whom, to judge by her achievements, Nature appeared to have constructed upon a new principle, involving the substitution of cork for bone. She swam with astonishing grace, and kissed her fingers to the company as she floated upon the wave, like any pocket syren."

"She really does seem to enjoy herself," observed I, "for whenever she has any breath to spare she laughs with it."

"I hope it is so," said Mellicious, "but it is possible she only does it to get rid of her specific gravity. These exhibitions of children always make my heart ache."

"No. 2, a young gentleman aged six, whose cradle must have been laid, like that of Moses, upon bulrushes, and whose first walk must have been taken in direction of the river, was now introduced to us. When he floated on the surface after his exertions, with his little hands elapsed prayerfully before him, like a juvenile Christian martyr, I thought Mellicious would have cried outright."

"No. 3, a ditty cry outright, poor little fellow, but that was upon his own account. He was only three years old, and about a foot in height, and the drop from the diving-board looked awful to him (as well it might), and the water rather cold. Then his father, the champion, whispered to him—'inconsistently enough—to be a man, and then he should have a lollipop,' and there was a very dry splash, as if three pennyworth of halfpence had been chucked in, and lo, a little creature upon its back, making blindly for the nearest steps, like an earwig, who finds himself in a slop-basin. But his father guided this tiny boy by signs, and when he neared the bank, held out a crooked stick, and so drew the darling in."

"I can't stand this," quoth Mellicious; "they will be throwing in a new-born baby next."

"But we had not seen the last and least, and in a very few minutes the dundee swimmer had got his very small-clothes on again, and was sucking something with great gusto."

"Well," said Mellicious, as we left him, "I am really pleased. This place cannot but be a blessing to the neighbourhood. How true is it that cleanliness is akin to godliness, for among so many people, and in a place where the echoes repeat every word, I did not hear a single wicked word."

"Indeed," said I—"for the opportunity was not to be resisted—for my part I was not listening for them."

"I have heard something like that before," returned Mellicious, drily. "The champion is well worth seeing," continued I, taking no notice of this miserable attempt at distraction, "and the family is certainly talented."

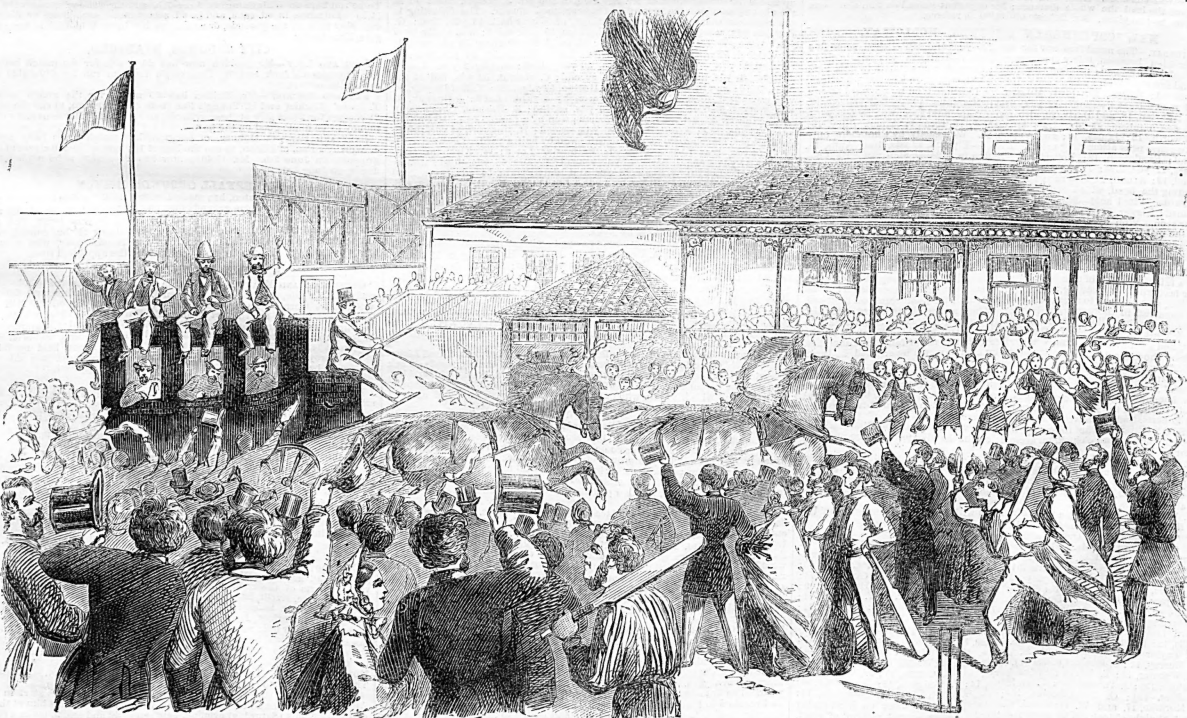
"I should not say talented so much as well-footed," remarked Mellicious, with modest self-appreciation; "and if one were really born so I do not doubt but that the champion would only consider the child more of a duck."

"I am much mistaken if I have not heard an observation similar to that before, my friend."

"But Mellicious made no answer, being somewhat unnecessarily pre-occupied in calling a cab."

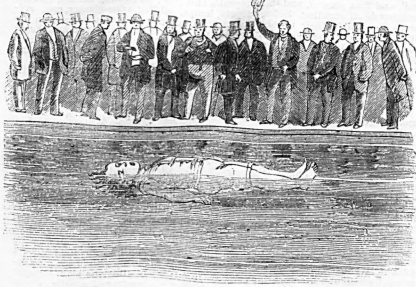
W. WALKER, THE CELEBRATED SWIMMER.

W. WALKER, whose likeness is given in this number, was born at Walton, in the county of Norfolk, in the year 1828. His height is 5ft 9in., and his swimming weight 11st. His first public act of natation was in August, 1842, when he won the Amateur Medal at the Lambeth Baths. At the same place,



ARRIVAL OF THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN AT THE OVAL.

(From a sketch by our own Artist.)



MASTER W. BECKWITH.
(Aged four years.)

September 6, 1847, he carried off the first-class medal. He followed up his success, August 4, 1848, by securing the Prize Medal of the Surrey Swimming Club, and then the Champion Medal of the same club, August 24, 1847. On the 18th of July, 1848, he was matched for £15 a side against Kettle, the champion swimmer of Scotland, from London to Greenwich, and again victory the distance—five miles—in 14. min. His next performance in the water was swim any one in the Thames, but meeting with no response he entered a rowing engagement. Here, again, his star was in the Hall, 1851. He won a silver cup, presented by Mr. Morton, of Canterbury—pair-oared, for silver oars—having Mr. Locke for a partner. Won the son, partner. Carried away the same cup in 1856—T. Richardson, partner. In 1857 won the Wentzell regatta—pair-oared race, 1855—W. Seander. The same prize the year following—G. Jones, partner. Won a gold ring, given same month he swam F. E. Beckwith, the accomplished swimming master of Smith-bridge to Putney, for £20. He was here obliged to succumb, and lost the Tyns, one mile for £100, and only 100 yds. Besides these performances there have been several others, with varied success, but the above events are the only ones in which he has been engaged. Mr. Walker, it should be understood, has now given up swimming appointment as head swimming master of the Northumberland Baths, New-giving and very useful profession. He is well worthy of the office, and bears a good name among the craft in the metropolis, who hold him in high esteem for his unassuming conduct. Of his apt capacity for teaching the art of natation there can be no doubt.

SHOOTING.

ARI-TOCRATIC PIGEON SHOOTING AT HORSEY WOOD HOUSE.
"No suspense our tempers trying,
Endless sport our trap supplying;
No ill state twist hope and fear—
At magic word our birds appear."

Urwans of seventy years ago pigeon shooting was in high repute; and from that date up to the present period it has not lost a jot of its celebrity as a sport, in which some of the first-rate shots in the Kingdom are repeatedly engaged in various matches. Nay, *per contra*, it has increased in a very great degree; and with the upper ten thousand, in this memorable Exhibition year of grace, the pastime has passed into a positive *penchant*—so much so that the system of handicapping has been adopted with pigeon shooting, as with the marked success in all cases where a model handicap, as in this case, can be had merely to hold up their guns, as it were, when destruction and death followed the sound of their pieces to the feathered tribe. It would be almost tedious to enumerate the names of some of the crack shots of the present day. The sport was formerly kept up, not only with great spirit, but considerable shot for, and matches varied from £2,000 to £10 a side, chiefly between the above lords of the creation. Pigeon shooting is followed as an amusement in almost every part of the kingdom; and numerous clubs have been formed in

several large towns, although, perhaps, not with the same means of support but, nevertheless, with equal spirit and ardour as was wont to be exhibited by the Red House Club, the Hite Club at Battersea, the Swiss Life Society, or the aristocratic gatherings of the present day at Mr. Stone's celebrated resort, Old Horsey Wood House, the leading *locale* in the metropolis for this description of sport. With respect to the latter no professional or stranger is allowed to come between the wind and their nobility, as the matches are all confined to members of the London club-houses and officers of the army and navy—their superintendence being left in the hands of Mr. Frank Heathcote, a gentleman of acknowledged courtesy and probity, so that the word "fair" cannot apply to the proceedings. But our business is more immediately connected with the transactions of Monday last, when the First Spring Handicap took place, a patriotic gathering of patrons of the gun at Horsey Wood it may be averred, was first suggested by Frank Heathcote, Esq., and so carried out in 1859; and of a sort has much increased in interest and importance. Mr. A. Reed, of pedestrian celebrity, was, as usual, chosen to take the official declaration of pull, while George Woody was as active as ever in his trapping. The betting was of a very heavy character, the bird having been backed freely against the gun from first to last. At the end of the fourth round Major Astley laid £14 to £4 against Mr. Milbank, and Earl Cowley and Mr. Edwards found numerous supporters. The betting at the close up to the close of last week may be thus quoted:—

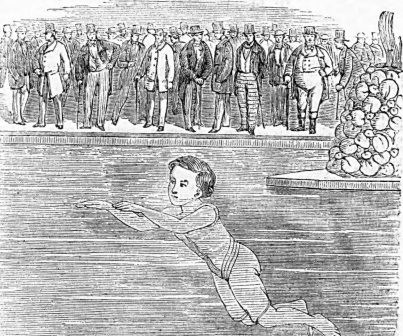
100 to 4 agst Bective	100 to 5 agst Seymour (t)
100 to 5 — Cowper	100 to 5 — Vivian
100 to 5 — Herbert (t)	100 to 7 — Walsh (t)
100 to 5 — Holmesdale (t)	100 to 8 — Wigram
100 to 5 — Bowmont	100 to 10 — Stormont

The conditions of the present match were—Steeptakes of 5 sows each, 1 ft. for years. Members of Parliament, officers in the army and navy on full pay, and members of White's, Brooke's, Boodle's, & Artton's Guards, Carlton, Travellers, Arlington, St. James's, Pratt's, and Egerton's Clubs. Guns 11-bore or less, charge 1½ oz. of shot, No. 5, 6, or 7. Gentlemen to be at liberty to put in any quantity of shot, half-a-yard being added to their distance for every 10z. All to load from the same bowl. Barber to find birds and pull. New rules to be strictly observed. Frank Heathcote, Esq., handicapper and referee; his decision to be final. Post entrances after the publication of the card, 6 sows, and no forfeit. The following is the score:—

Order of shooting.	Name.	Charge of shot.	Yards.	Birds killed.
1.	Arthur Walsh, Esq.	11	203	1 1 1 1 0 0
2.	Hon. H. Wyndham, M.P.	11	20	0 0 0 0 0 0
3.	Frederick Milbank, Esq.	11	204	1 1 1 1 1 0
4.	Earl of Bective, M.P.	11	29	1 0 1 1 1 1
5.	Hon. F. Craven	11	291	1 0 1 1 1 1
6.	Spencer Lucy, Esq.	11	29	1 0 1 1 1 1
7.	Sir John Bidd, Bart.	11	284	0 1 1 1 1 1
8.	Edward Batson, Esq.	11	28	0 1 0 1
9.	Hon. G. Heathcote, M.P.	11	28	1 1 1 1 1 1
10.	Viscount Stormont	11	271	1 1 1 1 0 0
11.	Col. the Hon. A. Fraser	11	27	0 0 1
12.	Viscount Holmesdale, M.P.	11	27	0 0 1 1 0
13.	Dawson Damer, Esq., M.P.	11	27	0 1 1 1 1 1
14.	Viscount Boyle	11	27	1 0 0 0
15.	Marquis of Bowmont	11	27	1 1 0 0 1
16.	H. R. Beaumont, Esq.	11	27	1 0 1 0 1
17.	C. Hambro, Esq.	11	27	1 1 0 1 1 1
18.	Thos. Chamberlayne, Esq.	11	204	0 0 0 0
19.	Capt. Berkeley	11	27	1 0 0 0
20.	Alfred Seymour, Esq.	11	203	0 0 1 1 1



MISS JULIA BECKWITH.
(Aged eight years.)



MASTER F. BECKWITH.
(Aged six years.)

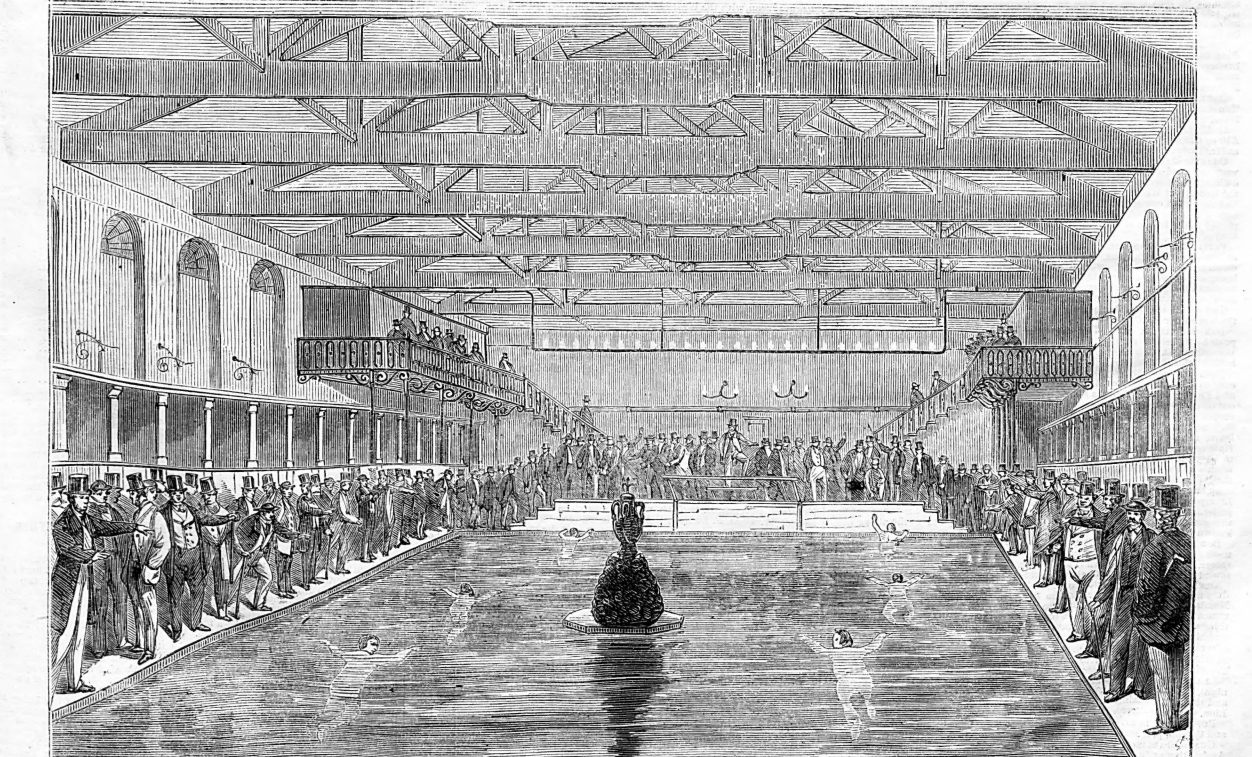
Order of shooting.	Name.	Charge of shot.	Yards.	Birds killed.
22.	Col. Astley	11	20	1 0 0 0
23.	Sir H. H. Campbell, Bart.	11	203	0 1 0 1
24.	Hussey Vivian, Esq., M.P.	11	204	0 1 0 0
25.	Gulifild Onslow, Esq., M.P.	11	201	1 1 1 0 1 1
26.	Thomas Thornhill, Esq.	11	29	0 0
27.	Hon. Walter Harbord	11	25	0 0
28.	Henry Chaplin, Esq.	11	204	1 0 0
29.	Clarke Thornhill, Esq.	11	29	1 0 0
30.	Sir John Metcalfe, Bart.	11	25	1 1 0 0 0
31.	Perceval Hambro, Esq.	11	243	1 1 0 1 1 1
32.	Capt. the Hon. W. Edwards	11	246	1 1 1 1 0
33.	Lord Rendlesham	11	24	1 0 1 1 1 0
34.	Sir Fred. Johnstone, Bart.	11	24	0 1 0
35.	A. P. Vivian, Esq.	11	24	1 1 1 0
36.	Lord Londesborough	11	24	0 0 1
37.	George Thompson, Esq.	11	24	1 1 1 0 0
38.	Earl Cowper	11	25	1 1 1 1 1
39.	Hon. Reginald Capel	11	204	1 1 1 0 0
40.	Viscount Uffington	11	204	0 0 0
41.	Captain Byre	11	203	0 0 1 1 0
42.	George B. Bruce, Esq.	11	23	0 1 0
43.	Henry Coventry, Esq.	11	23	0 0
44.	Captain Keith Fraser	11	23	0 0
45.	Baron Ferd. de Rothschild	11	224	0 1 0 1 0
46.	Major Hon. A. Anson, V.C.	11	22	0 1 0
47.	Henry Herbert Esq.	11	22	0 0 0
48.	Hon. Mr. Russell	11	25	1 0 1 1 1 0
49.	Mr. Barrington	11	29	1 1 1 1 1

The following paid:—Capt. the Hon. R. Grosvenor; Col. the Hon. H. Annesley, M.P.; E. K. Huguenot, Esq., M.P.; Col. Soame Jenyns, C.B.; Sir Thos. Moncreiffe, Bart.; Earl of Uxbridge; W. Windham, Esq.; Lord Henry Paget; Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart.; Capt. Gratwicke; Richard Arabin, Esq.; Charles Du Cane, Esq., M.P.; Sir Hotworth Williamson, Bart.; Robert Honeywood, Esq.; Lord Henry Lennox, M.P.; Capt. Stewart; Col. Farquharson; Earl of Jermyn, M.P.; Capt. Jervoise; Douglas Phillips, Esq.; Graham Smith, Esq.; Hon. J. M. Henniker; Alexander Baring, Esq., M.P.; J. L. Dillwyn, Esq., M.P.; Sidney G. Osborne, Esq.; Capt. Burnaby; Capt. Knox; Capt. Bulkeley; and Earl Annesley.

The six rounds having been completed, the shooting-officially commenced. Earl Cowper and Mr. Barrington prepared for their seventh bird. His lordship missed, and the commiser became the dead shot of the day, winning first prize of £125. Earl Cowper thus took the second prize of £50. The undetermined, having killed five birds each, then contended for the remaining two prizes:—

Mr. Milbank . . . 1 1 0	Hon. G. Heathcote . . . 0	Mr. P. Hambro 1 1 1 0
Hon. F. Craven 1 1 0	Mr. Damer . . . 0	Cap. Edwards 1 1 1 1
Mr. S. Lucy . . . 1 1 1 0	Mr. Onslow . . . 0	Mr. Vivian . . . 1 0
	Mr. C. Hambro . . . 0	

Thus Capt. Edwards secured the third prize by bagging his five birds; and, four failing to Mr. Spencer Lucy, that gentleman took the forfeit. It may be mentioned it was Mr. Barrington was, like the Hon. Mr. Russell, a "post entry."



PROFESSOR BECKWITH'S SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT AT LAMBETH BATHS.
(From a Sketch by our own Artist.)

PRESENTATION TO HARRY ORME.

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